The Commonweal

October 3, 1947

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London Commentary

Warren of California

American Serfdom

Getting Along with Stalin

An Irish Lady

VOLUME XLVI **15c** NUMBER 25

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Next Week

PHOSPHORUS AND OUR SOIL, by James Rorty, author of "Our Master's Voice: Advertising," takes up the part which that mineral must play if our soil is to be adequately rehabilitated. With new dust bowls in the offing on our Western plains and our ability to produce food of crucial importance, the experience with super-phosphates gained on thousands of TVA demonstration farms throughout the country must be brought into play. Mr. Rorty also touches on the key position of the American fertilizer trust in this vital situation.

ART IN ENGLAND SINCE THE WAR, by Nicolette Gray, author of "Rosetti, Dante and Ourselves," is an extremely neat and colorful survey. It deals with such figures as Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, Cecil Collins, Geoffrey Tibble, David Jones and Graham Sutherland.

THE MOMENTOUS MAN, III, by Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty, concludes the author's current quest by turning to James Burnham, author of "The Managerial Revolution" and other controversial books.

LEWIS DOES IT AGAIN, by John C. Cort, discusses an incident which for some reason received very little notice in the papers. John L. Lewis was the only member of the AFL executive council to vote against their signing an affidavit that the union's officers were not Communists, thereby preventing all AFL unions from qualifying under the ruling laid down interpreting the Taft-Hartley Act.

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The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLVI October 3, 1947 NUMBER 25

THE WEEK 587
LaGUARDIA *C. G. Paulding* 588
LONDON COMMENTARY *J. L. Benvenisti* 590
WARREN OF CALIFORNIA *George Dean* 592
AMERICAN SERFDOM? *Edward S. Skillin* 594
COMMUNICATIONS 596
Summer of Youth
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 597
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 598
HOW TO GET ALONG WITH STALIN *Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty* 599
AN IRISH LADY *Margaret Barrington* 600
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 603
Richer by Asia—Lonely Crusade—Mountain Village—Treason's Peace

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*
Published weekly and copyrighted 1947 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U.S. and Canada $6 a year, Foreign $7. Single copies 15c.

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A Summing Up

NO BETTER delineating of where the United Nations organization now stands has been provided than by the September 22 address before the Assembly of Hector McNeil, British Minister of State. It is not only that the brilliant young Labor Party figure delivered so devastating a reply to the melodramatic charges of Mr. Vishinsky, with whom he was photographed for the nation's press with both genially beaming at each other. But as a general diagnosis of the present state of international relations it was masterly, one of those brilliant personal achievements which every so often an Englishman carries off with such seeming ease.

It is hardly a hopeful picture. "The political and public disappointment with the United Nations has primarily grown from the slow paralysis which the world has been forced to watch creeping over the Security Council. . . . It is a matter of more than regret to my Government that the question of new admissions [to the UN] instead of being dealt with in the spirit of the debate and of the two resolutions of the General Assembly of last year has once more threatened to become the subject of the most obnoxious horse trading . . . . Our job in war [the victorious Allies] was to visit disaster and disorder upon our enemies. Our job now is to bring order to the world as a whole. We have, therefore, when we parted with overt war, parted also with that identity of purpose . . . . No reasonable nation can expect at all times to have her view accepted by all other nations. . . . If the Soviet Government considers that in all situations it can have its will prevail, if it considers that in all areas its power must be extended, if it thinks that in describing any international situation its description must be accepted, then I say without qualification that not only will the United Nations as we know it be destroyed, but the unstable peace of the world will crumble and crash, bringing up to all the ranging hideous consequences to which Mr. Vishinsky drew our attention the other day. . . ."

Is there a way out, are there feasible means of salvaging the UN organization? "In addition to a sober regard for fact by the operating governments, in addition to a consistent use of criteria and of judgment, if we are to have international agreement and stability there must also be, as I indicated earlier, a willingness among the nations, within defined and accepted limits, to submit themselves to international considerations and to accept and operate the decisions or the recommendations of the nations. . . . Armaments are the result of insecurity; therefore security must take precedence over disarmament. . . . But there can be no road to security as long as there is mistrust among the nations primarily charged with the job of producing it. . . . as long as there is mystery and exclusion, then there is probability of mistrust. . . . The obvious is that if there is a willingness to cooperate by all nations this organization can work. . . ."

Mr. McNeil's ringing speech is an appeal to all the nations, a frankly-worded appeal to the policy-makers of the Kremlin, an able voicing of the hope that still remains. It unquestionably reflects the peaceful and cooperative sentiments of the vast majority of the nations. In making it the British Minister of State was spokesman for many peoples outside his own still considerable domain.

The Stage Is Set

THE SIXTEEN nations who met in Paris to consider the proposal of Secretary of State Marshall have concluded their deliberations. They have produced the schedule which the United States suggested. Moreover, upon further recommendations from American authorities, they have scaled down considerably the original estimate of their needs for the next four years, their calculations as to the American assistance required during that interval to set their own productive forces operating on an adequate scale.

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Coupled with this completed task are a whole series of pleas for action on our part from various nations whose basic needs are urgent. The next move is up to us.

It would be nice, in a way, if we could put off the problem on the grounds that everything has proceeded according to plan and that when Congress meets in January we can go on from there. That is not the opinion of Secretary Marshall or of informed personnel in Washington or elsewhere. And reports from Italy, France, Britain and other countries indicate the need of considerable aid before the snow flies. Clearly an emergency, caused by poor crops, Russian interference and expropriation and, if you like, management that could have been more efficient. But, there it is, and if we are not to resign what position we have in increasingly nearby Europe, we must act.

What are the courses open? The President has a few millions he can designate but hardly enough to throw into the breach. The World Bank has somewhat more, but still not nearly enough. There simply does not seem any way of getting round it, we shall have to make sizable new funds available to inaugurate the Marshall Plan. And as the President is unable to do this on his own he will have to yield to the pressure of the situation and convene an emergency session of Congress. He has given sufficient indication of being emergency-minded enough these days to take that additional step.

The attitude of the bulk of our Senators and Representatives is less apparent at present writing. Presumably they are not as worried as they used to be that their constituents will object to appropriations. Americans are for the Marshall Plan—not unhappily because of disinterested concern for friendly peoples nor even because they realize the extent to which our future prosperity is dependent upon healthy economies in other nations, but simply out of fear of the Russians. Yet what is disquieting from the practical angle of getting the program started is the unconscionable delay that normally attaches to Congressional operations. A new procedure, limiting debate and other delaying actions, is required, if the special session is to do the job.

Give a Thing a Name

BUSINESS LEADERS who have heard of it are quite elated over the results of a poll recently published in *Look* magazine. The object was to find what union members think of the Taft-Hartley Act. The answer must have seemed perfectly obvious. Yet the hardy researcher went ahead and ascertained that 64 percent of the men interviewed opposed the law. Then he tried out ten of the bill's controversial provisions. Of not a single one— not even the provision against the closed shop— did a majority of the workers interviewed disapprove. Why, then, their opposition to the law in the first place? Obviously, the rank and file did not know the specific details of the legislation. It was presented to them as an anti-labor measure, since any chance of labor leaders' collaborating in a revision of the Wagner Act went aglimmering early in the proceedings; the union heads did not seem to have the vision and the courage to agree to take a hand in the matter. Why would not rank and filers be against such a bill out of hand? The moral of this little poll is not necessarily that the T.-H. business is a good thing or that it really has the implicit support of union labor. The point is rather that it underlines the danger we are all in, under a political dispensation such as ours, of taking a stand on the basis of personalities, slogans, catchphrases, or fire-tinged epithets. That goes for every citizen regardless of his income bracket.

La Guardia

IN THE OTHER war we had to buy planes from the French because the Liberty engine was not ready, and so in 1917, any American in Paris who could speak French was put into uniform—an officer's uniform, of course, with boots and, you would not believe it, with spurs on the boots. We sat in a fine building on the Avenue Montaigne; the Plaza bar was next door; the Crillon bar was a pleasant stroll down the Champs Elysées, the Ritz bar, Cambon side, was not much further, but if you wanted to walk the other way, toward the Arch of Triumph, there were bars that way also. You did not need to walk at all because there were staff cars with Sergeants to drive them.

We were very happy in the Avenue Montaigne in the spring of 1917. That was when the French were being killed in greater numbers than usual, and so we felt very close to the war. Once in a while we would go to an airplane factory in the Paris suburbs and a test pilot would put us in a plane and fly us across Paris to Bourget where he would be delivering the plane. On these occasions we felt very close to the war indeed because the plane in which we rode was on its way to the front.

There were regular army officers too in the Avenue Montaigne, and these people might have spoiled our pleasure, but while we felt so sure that we were officers, the regular army officers felt that they were on some sort of detached service in the rear as technicians, and so they did not think of themselves as officers and they let us think whatever we wanted about ourselves. We thought —just as immigrants to America off a ship feel superior to the immigrants who land a week later off another ship—that the officers who kept arriving from America should not come to the Avenue

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Montaigne because then we might have to move our desks. It was all right when they were the kind of officers who were going to get themselves killed. It was embarrassing, but only for the moment when they looked in at Avenue Montaigne and we took them out to dinner if we had known them at Harvard or somewhere—they all were volunteers—but the people we did not want to see were those who wanted to be safe, like ourselves.

One day a little officer arrived and we did not like his looks. He was born in New York City but he got his education in some High School, somewhere in Arizona, and then suddenly he is a clerk in the American Consulate in Budapest and then in Trieste, and then he gets himself promoted to Consular Agent at Fiume, and the Americans who spoke French knew that consular clerks and agents do not make the right kind of Avenue Montaigne officers. Then he is interpreter at Ellis Island and probably he takes the ferry back to New York to work nights, because, in 1910, he gets a law degree from NYU, and that does not fit him for Avenue Montaigne either. He is a political lawyer, because in 1915 he is Deputy Attorney General for New York, and in 1917 he is a congressman, and in 1917 he is in Paris at the Avenue Montaigne and we do not like his looks.

La Guardia went off to Italy and I guess we were right. He would not have done well at the Avenue Montaigne. He would have found some reason for taking the spurs off his boots.

Perhaps when you are young you never can recognize anything unless it has a label. When the President of the United States goes through a city you know that he is a great man because he is sitting up on the back seat of the car, the police motorcycles precede the car with their red headlights flashing even in the daytime and all their sirens on; the secret service men stand on the running board with one hand in their coat pocket. The President, visibly, is a great man, and it is that way when the Lord Mayor rides through London in procession, or when the French bury someone like Marshal Foch and they turn on all the street lamps in the day time and you know that it is a great man they are burying. It is easy enough to know that a President or a King is a great man, and by the time we were through at the Avenue Montaigne we had seen the great soldiers march through the Arch of Triumph, the great statesmen enter the palace at Versailles. That is the most convenient way to know whether men are great or not, but it is not the safest way, because then there were both Hitler and Mussolini who knew how to arrange processions, and even Franco, and also in Moscow they do things well, so that it is best to have some other way of finding out whether a man is great or not.

By other standards you do not find so many great men, but you find interesting men and you find that your interest in them lasts.

La Guardia did not need the processions. He was a one-man circus anyway. But that was only because he could do so many things with words, with emotions, with his face, with his hands, with that extraordinary voice. He was serious, not comic. He was a circus because the ideas that he had were never abstract; he made his ideas, his impassioned ideas, jump through hoops, but in mid-air they would suddenly become people, with a name—and, usually a good strong adjective tied round the neck of the name—with a face, an ungenerous mouth and a fat belly. He would throw them all up in the air together, and they were no longer ideas of reform, or partisan ideas, or political commonplaces; they were all his enemies, the bookies, the grafters, the loan sharks, all the enemies of his city, bouncing round the circus ring with the clowns tripping them up, pursued by lions; the elephants pointed their trunks at them and drenched them with water.

At the New School once, I heard La Guardia at his worst. He was lecturing to a class on municipal government, and he was trying to behave. For a while he sounded like a professor; he kept a straight face and his voice low. But that did not last. One thing led to another; one little joke led to another, and La Guardia's jokes always led to something serious, to an emotion that was true. Soon he had his gestures going, his eyeglasses on and off, and there he was, thinking back at his early days in city politics, and how the machine double-crossed him when they thought they could cut him down by making him a candidate in a hopeless district where they had bargained the election to the other party—and he had gone yelling round to the voters and had gotten himself elected all the same.

But on Sundays when he talked to the people of his city, you never had to wait for him to get started. It always seemed that he had started before he came on the air—as if he were always in motion, and it was the people who heard him who had to get started doing something about their city. That's it, I think, that's what his life work amounted to:

La Guardia made the citizens of the biggest city in America understand that it was possible to make their city—any American city—whatever they wanted it to be. You can live in a city and think that it is round you and that you are not a part of it. Or you can live in a city and know that it belongs to you. You can make it as clean as you want, you can have schools and parks and housing and decent prices even if the big companies say you can't. That is, if you try hard enough. That's what La Guardia kept saying. If you have "patience and fortitude." He always closed his broadcast with that tag line. And he never laughed when he said "patience"—, but with his voice he could make you understand anything.

C. G. PAULDING.

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London Commentary

J. L. Benvenisti

PERHAPS the most disquieting thing that has happened over the last few days is the growth of a perceptible feeling of relief that the Loan Agreement has broken down. Of course, only a minority have grasped what this breakdown really implies, and it is impossible at this stage to say how the mass of the people will react when the consequences of a complete withdrawal of American aid, should such take place, begin to make themselves felt. At the moment, however, there is a definite tendency to regard the whole affair as a blessing in disguise—a fact which the learned will ascribe to the operation of the defense mechanism, and those who adhere to a more traditional phraseology will classify under the heading of sour grapes.

By whatever name you call it, what the situation has produced is a state of wishful thinking and, in particular, a great deal of grandiose dreaming about turning away from America and concentrating on the development of our Empire. Indeed, Bevin has now put his saddle on that particular horse, and it may quite possibly carry him to the premiership. It may be grand politics, but I am afraid it is rotten economics, for we can no more develop the inherent enormous potentialities of our Empire without huge drafts of American capital than America could have made herself what she has become without similar huge drafts from the east.

As a concomitant to this kind of mood, it is natural enough that people should underscore all those features of the Loan Agreement which were in any way oppressive—the convertibility clause, for instance, which has proved unworkable in exactly the way that I said it would at the time. So the atmosphere seems to be souring and, alas, souring on both sides, for our growing suspicions are answered on the American side by a growing critical irritability because we are, in the American view, lying down on the job of reconstruction.

I endeavored in my last article to clarify some of the more crude misunderstandings, particularly about the matter of British socialism, which, so far as I can see, is for the American a kind of omnibus term of abuse for a variety of things that have no real ideological relation to one another. The thing seems pretty widespread, since, from what I can gather, Americans are still saying that it is the attempt to apply socialist principles that has got us into our present mess.

Now, this is true in only a very limited sense. For the most part, in so far as Mr. Attlee's government is to blame, and I do not see how it can wholly avoid blame, it has failed not because it is Socialist, but because it is weak. It has been a case of too little and too late, but that is all, and the gravamen of any reasonable charge against Mr. Attlee must be that he has failed to get us out of the mess, and not that he has created it. With the possible exception of our over-blown capitalization program, the things that have got us into difficulties have nothing whatever to do with socialism.

May I for the sake of clarity, once more state what those things are: First, there is the ruin of Europe, of which we are a part; second, there is the loss of our overseas investments, a great part of which have now gone to America; third, and perhaps largest of all, there are our crushing military commitments overseas. When I say that our overseas military expenditure for 1946, which includes the cost of the German occupation, reached a figure which was nearly 25 percent of the total cost of our imports, and when it is realized that this expenditure is not only a drain on our manpower but a most fearful drain on our scarce resources of foreign exchange, it will be understood what manner of thing it is that has finally broken our backs.

Yet even so, the instinct that makes Americans talk of socialism as though this were the root of our trouble is not wholly without foundation. For there is at the moment a kind of "bottom-dog uppermost" quality in British life which, if it has nothing to do with socialism, has a great deal to do with socialism's disreputable poor relation, Social Resentment, and Social Resentment is a very inconvenient thing to have about the house.

We are most certainly suffering from an embittered and suspicious attitude of mind on the part of certain sections of labor, a psychopathic fear of being bamboozled or exploited, and this is combined with a certain amount of short-sighted demagogy at the lower levels of the Trade Union movement. That is the cause of the persistence, even in this emergency, of a certain amount of restrictive practices. Above all, it is the root cause of some of our Government's more glaring evasions and sins of non-commission.

It must never be forgotten that our Government is not so much a Socialist as a Trade Union government, and although the heads of the Trade

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Union movement are quite reasonably intelligent and public-spirited people, they too must move very much as the strings are pulled from below, and if there comes from below a lunatic insistence that we are still in the middle of a non-existent class war and that, as a defensive measure against a supposititious capitalist class, there must be security for the second-rate and a discounting of excessive competence or zeal, then however badly the government may feel about it, that demand cannot altogether be ignored.

This is the reason for a number of things which are at the moment crippling us, and in particular for the indefensible leveling of earnings through a combination of cost-of-living subsidies with murderous taxation of comparatively small incomes, of almost any incomes, in fact, that rise perceptibly above subsistence level. The administrative and legislative results of this spirit, are, of course, disastrous—and nowhere more than in this very matter of the "pay as you earn" tax. Indeed, the effect of this as a disincentive to effort and in particular to overtime work, is something that is so painfully obvious to anybody that spends half an hour in an English factory that it seems unbelievable that the thing should continue. Yet it does continue—for the reason I have stated.

One of the factors at work here is the desire to dig in against another slump, for though there can be no question of "over-production" in the immediate future, the thought still haunts people's minds, and this is to some extent understandable in so far as there are still plenty of things in England which keep memories of the depression alive. The textile industry is one of them. I wonder whether Americans realize how mortal was the blow which the great depression dealt this among other trades. The trouble is that you cannot train a textile worker in a matter of weeks or even months, and the whole industry is at present hamstrung because of the fall of recruitment in the thirties.

During a recent visit to the Midlands, I came across one mill which was frantically writing round to workers who had left the firm fifteen years previously. The firm had got barely 60 percent of the labor force it required, and among those working there I found a woman of 71, an old-age pensioner who had volunteered to return and lend a hand—thereby, by the way, forfeiting a part of her pension. She made only one stipulation. She was to have Wednesday afternoons off, because she liked to go to the movies on Wednesdays, which cost her twopence—and I do not think that many will find it in their hearts to grudge her that pleasure.

And that brings me to the problem of our miners. What Americans must be thinking of our recent developments in this department, I shudder to imagine. On the face of it, it looks just about as bad as it can be. The crude facts of the matter are that a number of miners—a minority it is true, thank goodness—have downed tools because they have been asked slightly to increase their "stints," which is the name given the area marked on the coal face as the day's task for cutting, and what makes matters worse is that in a great many mines, though most certainly not in all, the face workers have been getting through the day's task in between three and five hours and taking it easy for the rest of the shift.

Yet I still say that things here are not what they seem. This is not the case of an army of work-shy people aiming to live a life of riotous idleness, but a very deep and complex spiritual malaise. One of the commonest explanations put forward (and if it is not the whole truth, it is part of the truth), is that though the State has now taken over the mines through the agency of the National Coal Board, there is still no fundamental change in the industrial relations concerned. The men are still faced by the same managers, and the attitude of each towards the other is pretty well what it has always been. Now, therefore, that the men have the whip hand as the result of the labor shortage, they are using their opportunity for all they are worth, precisely —at least, so they claim—as the managers have used their own opportunities in the past.

★

But that is only half the story, and to tell the whole of it I must proceed in a rather roundabout way and look for a moment at another very curious thing that has recently happened here, namely the swing-over of the Trades Union Congress to the "direction," i.e. conscription, of labor. This is in part due to the rather disturbing fact which I mentioned earlier in this article, namely the hostility on the part of organized labor to the idea of special money incentives for increased output or for work of special value. Since that method of getting labor into the undermanned basic industries is ruled out, and since Trade Union leaders have at least enough sense to know that they must be manned if we are to avoid disaster, we are driven back on conscription, which is the only other alternative.

But when it comes to the coalminer, the thing is not quite so simple, and it is noteworthy that Arthur Horner, the coalminers' leader, has been hinting at something of this kind for a considerable time, while at the same time showing himself in principle opposed to the employment in our mines of displaced Poles.

A favorable interpretation of this paradox is that it is all due to Horner's communist sympathies, and Horner is certainly a member of the Communist Party. So far as I can make out, the theory is that Horner really wants to ruin the mining industry, that his insistence on more

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manpower for the mines is merely intended to create a pretext for lowered output per head, while his rejection of help from the Poles is not only a further means to this end, but is also in line with the anti-Polish prejudice which a communist would naturally have for Polish refugees.

I am not in a position either to prove or disprove this, but if it is true, then Horner is the most accomplished liar I have ever met. For I have met Horner and heard him speak, and I have never yet heard a man who appeared to convey a greater impression of sincerity in everything he said. I am, moreover, certain of one thing: communist or not, Horner's arguments are those which might be used by any ardent and embittered man of any political persuasion whatever.

What Horner says in effect is this: "We have always had direction of labor to this most arduous and dangerous occupation, to wit the capricious direction by poverty. Now let there be direction on an equitable basis. And if you come to us and say that if we are short of manpower there are still ten thousand more poor devils from Poland who can be pushed down the mine to work beside us, then we say to you we will have none of this. We will not be satisfied until you share with us, each one of you, toil for toil, and peril for peril, and if you say this work is vital to your existence, then all the more reason why you should come and do it yourselves. You shall no longer base the very foundation of your prosperity on the existence of a handful of men who are not lucky enough to escape from this job."

Now, although conditions in the mines are improving and improving sufficiently fast to attract quite a number of new recruits, there is substance to Horner's argument, and it is in my opinion ethically sound. I can therefore well understand that many miners feel the force of it. As long as people are allowed, as till recently they have been allowed, to go off to comfortable, remunerative, non-essential jobs, the miners do not see why they should be the everlasting nursemaids to the nation's baby; hence comes a muddled conviction that they are being put upon, and an instinctive resistance towards authority in general.

I am not trying to excuse, I am merely trying to explain, and I would again stress that even if there were no excuse at all, our striking miners are a minority of the whole and that the ordinary British miner is not only working, but working remarkably well. I wonder how many Americans know that our present output per man shift is still 95 percent of pre-war, and that a great part of the 5 percent drop is due to mechanical and not to human causes.

This has been a very frank article, perhaps the frankest I have yet written. There are many weaknesses in the present British set-up, and there are many things wrong with the country, and when I come to lecture in America, as I shall shortly be doing, I intend to admit them all. For when all that is silly and reckless in Britain is taken into account, there is so much left that is solid and good that I am not worried about the way in which the balance will turn. That is why I mean to tell the truth.

Warren of California

GEORGE DEAN

EVERY now and then some commentator quotes Earl Warren of California as saying: "I am not a candidate for President." That is perfectly true. But in this seeming forthright declaration is a fine distinction of grammatical tenses. What Governor Warren has not said is: "I WILL not be a candidate."

Warren is not trying to be coy or tricky. On the basis of present form charts, he frankly cannot be rated as one of the top contenders for the Republican nomination. If he wins it, he will have to come up in the stretch as a dark horse. This is a simple fact of which no one is more aware than Warren himself.

However, some things in Warren's political horoscope are even now quite definite. He will be no more susceptible to the vice-presidential nomination in 1948 than he was to being Dewey's running-mate in 1944—a spot he could have had for the taking.

For Warren it is going to be No. 1 or nothing. He realizes the limited political future in the vice-presidency. And no one is so politically dead as a defeated candidate for the office—a normal risk anyone would have to take in accepting the vice-presidential nomination. How many can name who teamed with Landon in 1936, or Willkie in 1940 or, for that matter, with Dewey in 1944, without referring to the World Almanac? Also, Warren is still fairly young—54. He can afford to bide his time. He is willing to take the big plunge now. But well-informed observers will tell you, and with a good degree of authority, that if the political lightning bolt does not strike next year, Warren will run for the United States Senate in 1950. And from present indications he could win with almost the same consummate ease he took the governorship last year.

And then? Well, if the Democrats are victorious in 1948, he will make the pitch for the presidency in 1952. He will be about the average presidential age. And he will have had Washington experience.

The two things which could induce Warren to deviate from this long-range program would be an appointment as attorney general of the

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United States, or to the Supreme Court bench. He would like either one, and this well could be the basis of a back room deal at the forthcoming convention. California's 25 electoral votes make good trading material.

Occupying this rather latent position in the field, Warren has not been called upon to reveal his hand on many national or international issues. He will say that, not being a candidate, there is no reason why he should become involved in subjects foreign to the governorship of California. To take sides on controversial issues would engender political enmities which might work adversely when he appeared before congressional committees on matters of benefit to California, such as appropriations for the Central Valley Project.

He is sincere in that cautiousness. Like most Native Sons, he is intensely Californian. It almost amounts to a fetish. But obviously, this routine of silence is not going to alienate any support for Warren, either. He feels more sure of his ground when he stresses the threat of an invasion of gangsters, hoodlums and professional gamblers, which has been the theme of most of his recent public utterances.

In some things, however, actions speak louder than political utterances. Warren is not prepared, for instance, to say he believes the Taft-Hartley Act is good or bad. However, it is worthy of comment that his overwhelming victory for the governorship last year was due, in a large measure, to the fact the California State Federation of Labor (AFL) endorsed him over Robert Kenny. He declined to sign the Hot Cargo Bill, the one piece of restrictive labor legislation at the 1947 session, but passively allowed it to become a law without his signature. And he waged a successful fight for labor-sponsored sick benefits from the unemployment insurance fund over the opposition of members of his own party.

Still, there are many labor men who never will forgive Warren for his prosecution, as district attorney of Alameda County, of five labor leaders in the so-called ship murder case over a decade ago and for his bitter opposition, as state's attorney general, to their pardon by then Governor Olson.

This attitude is quite typical of Warren. It cannot be said he is pro or anti-labor. He takes each issue as it comes, and professes to call his shots as he sees them. At times his record is one of paradoxes. The spectacle of Warren on one side of the sick benefits question and the Republican leadership in the legislature on the other was not unusual. It happened on health insurance, veterans' housing and a $2,000,000,000 highway program, all of which Warren supported and drew the comment of one legislator that Warren's big fault is that he is registered with the wrong political party. Be that as it may, the situation is not likely to develop to the point where a movement, inaugurated by one enthusiastic Warren supporter, to launch a drive for Warren's nomination for President by both political parties is apt to assume serious proportions. As a matter of fact, Warren's bi-partisan victory in the governorship race last year, which V-2ed him into the national spotlight, was a political fluke. It was due to a totally apathetic attitude on the part of the Democratic leaders—a feeling the election was in the bag and no primary campaign was necessary to insure a Democrat winning the Democratic nomination. They awakened too late.

Still, on the few occasions on which Warren has spoken up on national affairs, he has differed seriously with the accepted Republican leadership. He opposed income tax reductions which would preclude a reduction in the national debt, and openly tangled with Dewey on the subject. When the Republicans in Congress threatened to destroy rent control, Warren stood by prepared to call a special session of the legislature to save rent control in California. And Warren is an outspoken proponent of national health insurance, a topic which is anathema to many of his fellow party members. He battled for the restoration of appropriations for western reclamation projects which economy-minded Republican Congressmen had pruned from the federal budget, on philosophical as well as budgetary grounds.

★

Last spring the California governor found himself grouped with liberal congressmen in urging the construction of a power transmission line from Shasta Dam to the central California power markets. This line was bitterly fought by the power lobby and the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which wants the power itself from this CVP unit. Wellfounded political rumor has it that the reactionary PGE contributed generously to Warren's campaign in 1942—but not in 1946.

This alignment with the liberal element on CVP questions however does not extend to endorsement of the 160-acre limitation on the ownership of land receiving irrigation water from the project. On this issue the battle lines have been drawn rigidly between the large landowners and the banks on the one hand and the more liberal-minded thinkers on the other. It is, in common language, a political hot potato. Warren has sat out this one by saying only that he thought a compromise could be evolved.

To say that Warren is a middle of the roader is not the precise definition of his political philosophy. Rather, he might be found at times on either side of the road, depending on where he chooses to walk at a particular time. There is little in his past record to provide a criterion on

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how he may stand on any particular question in the future. He is more apt to follow the dictates of his heart in arriving at a decision than he is to reach a conclusion on the basis of a philosophical pattern. For instance, he made up his mind on health insurance while he was in a hospital wondering how any man in modest circumstances could afford the luxury of being ill. In this personalized method of reasoning it can be said that Warren tries to do what he believes to be right by a sort of rule of thumb. It would be interesting to speculate on how this technique would work if adapted to the more complex international affairs.

In the 1944 governorship election, Warren was not the unqualified choice of Big Business. As a matter of fact, certain groups put up Earl Lee Kelly, a vice-president of the Bank of America, in the pre-primary warmups. Kelly withdrew when it became obvious Warren could not be defeated for the nomination. Nothing has happened in the meantime to indicate that Big Business would be any more enthusiastic over Warren in 1948 than in 1946, a fact which may have no little influence upon the thinking of some backstage string manipulators, should Warren loom into a position of prominence as the convention balloting proceeds.

A significant phase of Warren's presence in the presidential picture is that the West wants—and needs—a person in the White House who is sympathetic to the financial and industrial problems of the Pacific Coast. Henry Kaiser's skirmishing to win a scaledown of the RFC loan on his Fontana steel plant, in order to compete with Eastern steel, is only one manifestation of the West's struggle for economic independence. It is surging to the surface in many other ways, also. It is intriguing to speculate on how Wall Street would regard plunking for a westerner, no matter what other qualifications, in the eyes of Eastern capital, he might have. The stakes are high in this East-West battle. More will be heard of it in the months to come, and geography could have a strong bearing upon the GOP choice.

Warren may carry his declaration of not being a candidate to the point of going to the national convention without a single delegation committed to him. From present indications, the California delegation will be uninstructed, but left in a free-wheeling position to swing to Warren if and when the layout looks propitious. Meanwhile too he probably will follow a course of silence on national and international affairs. Warren is not going to be caught in the position of opening his mouth and putting his foot into it, so to speak. He will be known as a genial, personable individual, a proven vote-getter, politically a little left of extreme right, but yet a man of no little mystery.

American Serfdom?

EDWARD S. SKILLIN

A STORY in the papers the other day made quite a dent in my inevitably shockproof news sensibilities. It had to with the British order, effective October 6, and expiring a year and a quarter hence, that unemployed men between 18 and 50 and unemployed women between 18 and 40 can be sent anywhere in the country to jobs in essential industries.

The Ministry of Labor promises to make every effort not to move people from their homes if they can possibly avoid it. The men and women will be given some choice of essential jobs and there will even be appeal boards with which to register formal individual protests against being sent to work where the government directs. But considering all these provisos and allowing for the greatest humaneness in carrying out the scheme, there is no escaping the fact that the British Government has actually decreed forced labor. Moreover, it is reported that if this order does not succeed in supplying essential industries with the man- and woman-power required by national exigencies, the Ministry of Labor will then shift men and women from their present occupation to work which it holds to be more essential.

On the basis of this report minds that work that way can readily erect a pretty sequence. Its theme would be that we are all going down the road to enslavement together. At the end of the road we have Soviet Russia with its millions of slave workers—Russians as well as Poles, Balts, Germans, Balkan peoples and the rest. Well along that road now is hard-pressed Britain with its increasing socialization and the new provision for forced labor. While the United States, with its social security system, industrywide collective bargaining and other recent restraints upon individual liberties is not far behind. To put this thesis in extreme terms, as Hoffman Nickerson does in his latest book*, the difference between the Russian system and ours is only one of degree and that difference is shrinking.

Both the British and the Russians would maintain, if with differing degrees of sincerity, that resort to forced labor (a paper scheme of moderate proportions in England, a terrible reality of mammoth proportions in the Soviet Union) is dictated by national necessity. The British are engaged in an all-out struggle for their very livelihood; the Russians maintain that they must erect defenses against the enemy world which surrounds them. But as the human mind leaps too readily to parallels, similarities and over-simplifi-

* The New Slavery. Hoffman Nickerson. Doubleday. $3.50.

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cations, it is well to be wary about making too much of this comparison.

The conditions in Russian labor camps which Mr. Nickerson, and contemporaries more able than he and less harassed by obsessions about the Jews, relate in such manifold and heartrending detail are quite sufficient to put the Russian authorities in the same category with their nazi counterparts and with no others. The difference is an essential rather than a merely quantitative one. Mr. Nickerson's "the new slavery is on the march. Already it has spread from the USSR to the Soviet Satellite states of eastern and southeastern Europe. . . . And the United States?" seems to me to have little relevance unless one day Russia should be able to overcome us in a war or prolong that war to a point at which the United States would be reduced to chaos. Even in the depths of another major depression I cannot conceive that the American people would turn to anything even approaching the present Russian form of slavery.

★

Now that such a bugaboo is flatly disposed of, for the Americans, if not for their fellow-men in Europe, I wonder if we can be content with the way things are working out within our borders. Is there not something substantial behind Mr. Nickerson's fears and the generally held European notion that our present system of finance capitalism has little to offer them in the way of genuine democracy? Why are Christian Democrats overseas so insistent that we find a "Third Way," neither socialist nor capitalist?

Logically, at least, two changes have been open to the American worker who rebelled against his status under the modern factory system. One, which was virtually inevitable because of the urgency of his plight in bad times, was along the lines of solidifying his dependent status. The New Deal supplied unemployment and other benefits and crystallized collective bargaining as between two disparate if not hostile forces, with the government as referee. And if there were goodwill all round, the current tendency to bypass the National Labor Relations Board as a result of the Taft-Hartley Act might result in somewhat more of the partnership spirit which has developed in several industries.

The second way out of dependency status—and one which of its very nature cannot be the answer to an immediate emergency—is acquisition of ownership. This is possible in two ways, both of them except for unusual circumstances essentially gradual. When consumer cooperatives reach the point that they have their own factories, producing for the wholesale and retail outlets they have painstakingly set up in the course of the years, everyone involved has raised himself above the status of economic serfdom. Or if the workers in a privately-owned industry have somehow acquired enough stock in the company to regard the enterprise as their own—having adequate representation on the board of directors—then they are no longer in a servile status. And similarly in rural areas, if the family-type farm and ownership by the farm operator himself predominate, there is an economic set-up consonant with the expression of our political ideals.

But to return to the urban areas where the great bulk of Americans live. A high proportion of home-ownership—not heavily mortgaged—a goodly amount of part-time farming and gardening in the suburbs and countryside surrounding our various manufacturing and white collar centers and a healthy string of credit unions all about would give further solidity to the sort of economic democracy we should like to hold out as a better alternative to socialism even of the less terroristic sort.

To what extent can the United States claim progress in this general direction? The biggest single development in the past 15 years has been that of our labor unions. No longer are the bulk of American workers unorganized. But with a few exceptions these unions have continued to think in terms of brute power, to build up strike funds, powerful lobbies in Washington and try to throw their weight around on general political questions. From time to time the Auto Workers have approached the management of the Big Three as partners in production, only to be smartly rebuffed on every occasion. But this is an exception. The AFL and CIO have adopted resolutions strongly favoring cooperatives, but only here and there have the credit unions, cooperative buying associations and other cooperative ventures upon which unions could so readily embark come into being. And the educational facilities which the clothing workers unions, and others less ambitiously, have built up have not made the most of their opportunities in this direction. There has been a little talk about the formation of industrial councils of labor, management and the public, but that is all.

In American business the trend continues toward mergers and centralization. Our world-famed auto industry has shrunk to less than a dozen corporations, with more than three-quarters of our production accounted for by Chrysler, Ford and General Motors—to take one important example. With such a set-up the individual worker or stockholder is obviously powerless. On our farms the trend is likewise toward ever bigger production units; mechanization on a large scale and tenancy (rather than ownership) are growing, and all this is offset only by the growth of the Farmers' Union, the expansion of rural cooperatives and the emphasis on family

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farms on the part of the nation's leading religious groups. The most hopeful element in the whole picture, consumers' cooperatives, is growing fast, but the last I heard, accounted for only about one percent of American business transactions. The over-all picture is not bright.

Let us assume, however, that the tide will turn and that the United States is characterized by a good balance between industry and cultivation of the soil, that ownership of homes and in businesses is widespread, that wealth, income, management and responsibility are well distributed, that such institutions as credit unions are everywhere at hand. What then? Will the American economy continue to work well enough to serve as a model in other lands? Depressions would indeed be less severe and less likely than with our present set-up. But they would be inevitable unless healthy economies are developed in other parts of the world. In order for the whole thing to work—or to forestall an attempt here at some sort of slave economy—decentralization along the lines indicated at home must go hand in hand with rehabilitation abroad. This combination is, besides, one of the essentials in barring further advance by the Soviets.

Communications

SUMMER OF YOUTH

Prague, Czechoslovakia.

TO the Editors: This has been the summer of youth: international conferences were held in Aärhus, Oslo, London, Prague, and Pontoise. Of these Prague was the largest. Here 77,000 young people flocked to participate in the sporting events, the choral and folk dance competitions, the rallies and exhibitions of the Youth Festival. Here too the Councils of the International Union of Students (IUS) and the World Federation of Democratic Youth (WFDY), representing about 50 million youths, met to review the year's work and lay out a positive plan for the coming months.

Youth came and was impressed and indoctrinated. They were impressed by the beauty of Prague, the baroque churches, the small shrines to the murdered members of the underground, the abundance of food, the special tram reductions to Festival members, the balls in the gardens of the Wallenstein Palace, the lavish receptions at the various embassies. The streets were filled with singing youth, billboards were covered with posters welcoming "the progressive youth of the world"—public squares were festive with banners and national flags. Finally the sincere hospitality of the Czech people convinced youth that here in Prague you discovered not only the world—but a happy world.

Youth was also indoctrinated; through association with colonial delegates one became acutely aware of horrible health, social and political conditions in their countries. The world fell into two categories: the "democratic and progressive" (USSR, Jugoslavia, etc.) and the "imperialist and fascist" (Spain, non-EPON Greece, USA, Britain, etc.).

"Through International Friendship and Reconstruction Youth helps to build the Peace"—this was the theme of the Festival. There were three aspects to the Festival program: the cultural and sportive, the propagandist, the active. Youth was treated to some 300 artistic events, including 18 choral groups, the dancers from the Moscow ballet, 7 orchestras, 12 theater groups. The sports events included everything from mass gymnastic exhibitions and track meets to Mongolian wrestlers.

The Festival Exhibition took place in Stronovka Park with each national display generally consisting of graphic pictures of their war activities, instructive charts on reconstruction and examples of peasant crafts. UNESCO, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Norway exhibits were among the best, both technically and psychologically. India used photographs of conditions in famine-stricken areas such as a hungry dog chewing on rotting bits of a human body, and a native whose face was completely eaten away by syphilis. The Russian exhibit took top honors, and its vivid portrayal of the rôle youth played both in war and peace, impressed everyone. China, "liberated areas," concerned itself chiefly with caricatures of Uncle Sam as a war-monger interfering in China's internal difficulties, and drunken GIs riding jeeps through Chinese streets and running over women and children.

This Festival was America's opportunity to reach the youth of the world and to sell itself and its ideas—but due to the non-cooperation policy of the State Department, an amateurish display was pieced together. Now the youths of Korea, Jugoslavia, Indonesia, Russia know that the US can boast only of Seeing-Eye-Dogs, lynching, the AYD, and the CYO Champion basketball team.

The Festival arranged a day's pilgrimage to Lidice, where each visitor helped dig foundations for the new miners' settlement. Hundreds also signed up for two weeks' work on Bulgarian roads or Jugoslavian railbeds. This participation in the reconstruction of devastated countries brought together youths who had only known each other in history books and photographs. Many friendships were forged and ideas sown as young men and women swung pickaxes or pushed carts.

The Festival was a great success and many young people will look at Eastern ideas with a different eye, now that they have talked with Stephan and danced with Olga: Czechoslovakia will mean the place "where I worked and sang with the youth of the world."

The Council Meetings of the IUS and the WFDY were held a few days apart. Both had successes to report: WFDY had just finished the Festival, while IUS could boast of its winter games at Davos. The Councils reviewed the work of their secretariats, and the progress of their magazines, published in Russian, English, French, and Spanish, with which they plan to reach the world, teach the world, win the world. They heard the reports of the joint WFDY-IUS Commission which they had sent to South East Asia. They heard with satisfaction the enthusiastic welcome given the delegates by the natives

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of these areas as well as the more dignified interviews with Nehru, Gandhi, Jinnah and the President of the Indonesian Republic.

The Councils then turned to planning future work. A conference, jointly sponsored, will be held in January in South East Asia. Commissions are being sent to Germany, to investigate "democratic" youth organizations and denazification in all four zones, and to South America in order to prepare the January conference in Cuba. This Conference will have these points on the agenda: outlawing of the atom bomb; doing away with the terroristic fascist régime of Franco, striving for peace and the elimination of the last vestiges of fascist ideology; the unity of Latin American Youth on a national and international scale.

The charge that WFDY and IUS are communist proves nothing except the fault of Catholics and other groups who have not tried to channel the enthusiasm, and energy of these groups from the beginning. To influence another force it is necessary to make contact with that force—this works both ways. WFDY and IUS are going into Catholic Latin America. Let us learn from the past and plan for the future. This has been the "Summer of Youth," there are more summers to come, Catholics cannot afford to hibernate this winter. BOB RAMBUSCH.

The Stage & Screen

In Dublin

In a thin week here, the following theater note from Dublin was gratefully received.—K. P.

DUBLINERS—and those Americans who happened to be visiting the Irish capital this month—witnessed the début of the latest American husband and wife stage combination as Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith co-starred in Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset" at the Gaiety Theater in Dublin.

It was Miss Goddard's first venture behind the footlights, and it was a highly successful one. Dublin theater critics, in varying tones of surprise, unanimously agreed that Miss Goddard had given a sensitive, warming performance as the tragic young heroine, Miriamne. There were a few disgruntled comments from those in the audience who had expected the usual Goddard glamor and found it disguised in a shapeless dress and brown cotton stockings with twisted seams. But that at least proved at first glance that Miss Goddard wasn't relying on any props outside her ability to put over her rôle.

It wasn't, of course, Miss Goddard's play, except to her film fans. Husband Meredith, portraying again the rôle of Mio, the rôle that rocketed him to prominence when "Winterset" opened on Broadway in 1935, had strong competition from a top Dublin actor, Michael MacLiammoir, who gave a magnificent performance as the killer, Trock. And Anew McMaster, who, like MacLiammoir, has his own Dublin theatrical company vied for top honors with a moving and noble interpretation of the mad Judge Gaunt. Dubliners needed little re-

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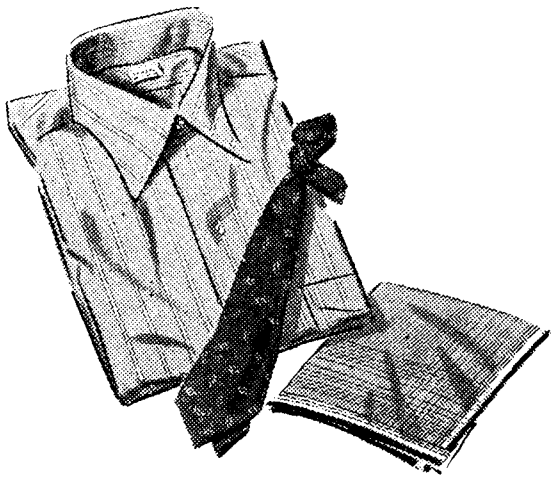

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minding that Anderson's play was based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case for that 20-year-old trial is as well remembered here as in America.

"Winterset" was the climax of a series of plays produced and directed by Miss Ria Mooney, a former Abbey Theater star and long-time friend of Meredith. The two met in 1937 during the American tour of the Abbey group. Miss Mooney's summer season included another outstanding production, Sean O'Casey's pacifist play, "The Silver Tassie." Artistically the production scored its greatest success in the difficult, symbolic second act on the battlefield with its chanted message of the cruelty of war.

At the Abbey Theater, the new season opened with a swiftly-paced revival of Lennox Robinson's "The Far Off Hills." This deft Irish comedy of life with father, reminiscent of the old days of the Abbey, has given way to a new play, "The Great Pacificator," by Sigerson Clifford. This, based on the life of Daniel O'Connell, has been lukewarmly received by the critics and audiences.

The directors of the Abbey concentrated last season on new plays, with less than mediocre success. Even such stars as the late F. J. McCormick, Eileen Crowe and Harry Brogan could do nothing with impossible plots and stale dialogue. Whatever the reasons for it, the Abbey is no longer setting the pace for Dublin Theater. This isn't the place to examine the political issues involved, but it seems clear that two of the requirements that came into being when the Abbey was "nationalized" have contributed to its present plight. In the first place, each candidate for the Abbey company, just as for any civil service position in Ireland, must speak Gaelic. This rules out not only most non-Irish actors, but many native aspirants as well. Secondly, all plays produced at the Abbey must be Irish-inspired. In the absence of any dramatists of the stature of Yeats, Synge and O'Casey, this has led to a spate of historical plays and insignificant trifles whose only claim to national character are their Irish settings.

The Michael MacLiammoir-Hilton Edwards company will open its season in a few weeks with a new play by MacLiammoir. His effort, "Ill Met By Moonlight," based on the old Irish legend of the changeling was a great success here and the company hopes to take it to New York in the near future. It is a highly dramatic comedy, with fine characterization and sparkling dialogue, and is unique in that it is the only otherwise English play in which one character, a young servant girl, speaks nothing but Gaelic. Hilton Edwards, co-owner of the company is a director of top rank as well as an actor and knows how to extract the best from his players.

The Longford Company, under the direction of Lord and Lady Longford, rounds out the Dublin regulars. This small group of players specializes in Chekhov, Molière and Racine and can be relied on for at least one Shakespeare revival every season. Their recent production of "The Cherry Orchard," with one of Dublin's finest actresses, Eve Watkinson, as Madame Ranevsky, was luminous, yet subtle. The spring offering of Molière's "School for Wives" was heightened by Lord Longford's breezy, rhymed translation. Not so successful was the group's try at "Laura," or Lady Longford's adaptation of Sheridan LeFanu's horror novel, "Uncle Silas." But in view of the large number of plays done each year by that company (no play runs more than four weeks) these two "failures" are more than offset by the high quality of the rest, and, in addition, are healthy signs of Lord Longford's willingness to experiment. Ben Jonson's "Volpone" is slated for Longford production next month.

The Longford company boasts one of the outstanding actors in Dublin, Maurice O'Brien. His versatility and unusual voice have taken him from Malvolio to Bob Acres, from the "schoolmaster" in the "School for Wives," to the young student, Peter Trophimof in "The Cherry Orchard."

Both British films and radio are threatening the Dublin stage companies. The recently-acclaimed English movie, "Odd Man Out," and the film of Daphne Du Maurier's "Hungry Hill" were filled with Irish actors lured away from the Dublin stage.

BRIAN COFFEY.

If Youth Knew

THIS SEEMS to be the week for movies about young love; and if the subject interests you, you may also be interested in some Hollywood interpretations. *"The Romance of Rosy Ridge"* is a sort of Romeo and Juliet of the Ozarks. Van Johnson, in the best performance of his career, plays a young schoolmaster fresh out of the army in 1865. He moves in on a family of farmers, falls in love with their pretty daughter (Janet Leigh) and helps with the chores. There is something very mysterious about his hanging around, and the answer, when it comes, is not especially weighty. But in the meantime there is a great deal of studied backwoods atmosphere interspersed with a few sincere rural scenes like the hay harvest before the storm and the barn dance. The film's phoney touches are due mainly to the script's attempt to be arty at times and the hammy performances of some of the actors, particularly Thomas Mitchell, in their efforts to play simple country folk. Based on the story by MacKinley Kantor, the plot has a great deal to do with the quarreling and barn-burning that continued in Missouri after the real war was over. But somehow, through this unhappy period, love still conquers all; and Janet and Van, with plenty of hope and charm, wind up happily together.

The young people in *"A Likely Story"* have a lot of trouble too before they finally get together. The boy (played by Bill Williams who is a glowing picture of health) has a neurotic heart and dizzy spells and thinks he has only a short time to live. The girl (Barbara Hale) wants to be an artist but has such a strong leaning toward Picasso that no one will buy her stuff. What a time this giddy couple have in New York! The boy convinces a gangster (Nestor Paiva) that death is just around the corner, so the gangster lends him five thousand on his insurance policy; and the money is used secretly to buy some of the girl's pictures. As you see this plot is pretty thin. But Director H. C. Potter manages to get some amusing scenes out of the material; and while you may not care particularly one way or the other, you'll find Bill and Barbara refreshing and enthusiastic as they

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learn that life has a lot to offer for people with courage and imagination.

The title character in *"Cynthia"* is only fifteen, so her amours come under the classification of puppy love. Cynthia's story is rather pathetic, however, for the poor girl (nicely played by Elizabeth Taylor) is the victim of parents and an uncle-doctor who insist that she is sickly. So every time Cynthia tries to step out at high school and enter the activities, her elders (can one be hypochondriac about another person?) mama-muffler her into a sick bed. Of course the girl finally rebels, goes to the prom on a stormy night, and lives to tell about her happiness. James Lydon gives a good straightforward performance as the current heart-throb in Cynthia's young life. This pleasant little picture of adolescence also has a few sharp things to say about adults who have lost their illusions and have settled down to middle-aged dowdiness. Cynthia's mother (excellently played by Mary Astor) and her father (George Murphy) learn a thing or two about dignity from their daughter.

"Black Gold" doesn't monkey with a love story at all. It just tells how an Indian (Anthony Quinn) raised a horse and a Chinese boy, the latter with the help of his devoted wife (Katherine DeMille). The horse finally wins the Derby—but after the Indian's death. All this is based on a true story, and I guess it's trying to prove that virtue is its own reward. The film, however, will appeal more to horse fanciers than movie fans.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

How to Get Along With Mr. Stalin

JONATHAN TITESLECU FOGARTY

MR. STASSEN, from Minnesota, has a mind that penetrates to the heart of the questions of the day, and he has been saying a lot of the things that I have said over and over again. Suppose Labor and Management don't get along. If somebody gets hot headed, there will be a lot of trouble. And some people think there is trouble enough in the world. Well, you don't have to have trouble in this world, especially if you can handle the hot-heads. So what you do is to tell both sides to cool off. Anytime you see two people who are going to have a fight, you want to tell them to cool off. This is what I always tell Mrs. Fogarty. And so, some years ago when Mr. Stassen was Governor of Minnesota, I was highly gratified when I read that he had made my cooling off ideas into a law.

Now, I want to explain Mr. Stalin. He seems to be the man everybody knows about and nobody knows. So I had an idea. I would go over to Russia and talk to to him and know him. If you know a man, you understand him. If you understand him, you can find the idea how to get along with him. So I thought I would go see him. That's what Mr. Stassen did. He is a man I like because he has real American get-up-and-go to him, and some people think that he is going to Washington. I had this idea about seeing Mr. Stalin long before Mr. Stassen went, but I didn't visit Russia, because I was afraid that somebody might want to draft me as the man to go to Washington. I was truly glad that Mr. Stassen went to Russia. He and Mr. Stalin had a talk. He asked the questions. Mr. Stalin gave the answers. They got along fine. That proves what I always said. You can get along with Mr. Stalin.

But how can you get along with Mr. Stalin?

The first problem here is this—what is Mr. Stalin?

Mr. Stalin is a Georgian.

Now just like the Russians, we have a Georgia, too. There are some mighty right fine people among our Georgians. They like to run things. They always tell you how they can run the colored people better than anybody else in the country, and some of them think they could do some really fine running if they went to the White House. They tell you that they understand the colored people better than anybody else. And so, because they know how to run things and run the colored people and have understanding, why they say that the colored people they run are the happiest in the world. That's a Georgian.

Well, Mr. Stalin is a Georgian. He likes to run things. And he likes to make people happy. That is the way he expresses his Georgian nature.

Now if you study the history of the Russians you will know that it is divided into two times. There is the time Before Stalin, and there is the time After Stalin. Before Stalin, the Russians were very unhappy. They had a lot of writers who wrote some fine books, except that the books weren't cheerful like our own best books. These writers explained why the Russians were so unhappy. They have Russian souls. The Russian souls just made the Russians unhappy. Then Mr. Stalin came along. He changed the Russian soul with a mighty good slogan. That's the way things are done in Russia. They do everything with slogans. Mr. Stalin had the slogan to change the Russian soul. He told the Russians:

"Be gay!"

So in Russian history, after Stalin, the Russians became the happiest people in the world. I saw a moving picture of the Russians. They were marching in the street. And everybody was so happy. They were singing and dancing in the streets. The children were laughing. Mr. Stalin was watching them, and they were all waving to him and smiling at him just like the children smile when they see Santa Claus. And all around them, Mr.

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Stalin had stationed his Happiness Boys. They belong to a club in Russia called the MKVD. In Russian, that means something like YMCA. They go around and make the Russians happy for Mr. Stalin, and they work night and day teaching the Russians how to be gay.

Everybody over here seems to want to know what Mr. Stalin wants. Well, now you have the answer. Mr. Stalin just wants to run things so that he can make people happy. After he made the Russians so happy, he didn't have anything to do and that seems to have made him unhappy. He called in his Central Committee. This is composed of the smartest men in Russia. He asked them who was unhappy. They studied the question and then told him that the Poles, and the Hungarians, and the Roumanians, and the Bulgarians, and the Mongolians, and the Lithuanians, and a lot of other people were unhappy. So Mr. Stalin lit his pipe, and he thought for a minute, and then he told himself:

"I'll make them happy."

That's what he did. Now all of these people and some more people are so happy that you can hardly tell the difference between them and the Russians. This is the great contribution Mr. Stalin made to politics. He is the man who invented what they call Multi-National Happiness.

This shows us how simple the question is. If we want to get along with Mr. Stalin we will either have to let him make us happy or else we have to do something about it ourselves. Because he would like to see the whole world smiling and enjoying Multi-Happiness. But what do we have to do if we are going to do something?

Well, firstly, we have to have a program.

How do you get a program?

You start with a slogan.

Have we a slogan?

Yes, we have a slogan.

LIQUIDATE GLOOM

This is a good slogan because Mr. Stalin will like it. One of his favorite words seems to be—*liquidate*. Of course if we had this slogan just for ourselves, it would be different. Then, it would be:

KAYO GLOOM

But we want Mr. Stalin to like our slogan so we can get along with him. And if he is convinced that we can liquidate, he ought to like us because we will be doing what he does. It's the same as my liking Mr. Stassen. He does what I would do if I didn't want to stay away from Washington.

Now, how do we apply our slogan?

Here is my idea. I was thinking how all of our Presidents like to be remembered by posterity. And we all remember Mr. Lincoln because he issued the Emancipation Proclamation. Now if Mr. Truman would issue a Proclamation, he would do something so that posterity would remember him. A poet expressed this beautifully by saying that we ought to leave footprints on the sands of time. I think that if Mr. Truman will take my advice, he can maybe leave some of his footprints on the sands of time.

Here is what I think he ought to do. He ought to issue a Happiness Proclamation making it a law for everybody in the country to be happy. That is the way Mr. Stalin does it. He issued a constitution to the Russians telling them that they are free. They have been free ever since.

Then after Mr. Truman makes Happiness a law, we will just go ahead and enforce the law. Of course we have so many laws already that it costs the taxpayers a lot of money to pay for enforcing them. And we will want to enforce this law without raising taxes. The men who pay the most taxes say that if they have to pay any more their private initiative will be killed, and that wouldn't be right because it wouldn't be the American Way to kill private initiative.

Every time you make a law you run the danger of having a new kind of law-breaker. So with our Happiness law, we will have gloomsters. In order to liquidate gloom, we will have to do something about the gloomsters. If we want to liquidate them, it will cost a lot of money because we will have to give them all a jury trial, and the President might have to appoint a lot of new judges which would further increase the cost of government. And we might have a lot of gloomsters because there are people who are worriers and pessimists and radicals and they are dissatisfied. The question is what are we going to do with our gloomsters?

That's my idea of getting along with Mr. Stalin. We will make a deal with him.

Last week, I told you about what a brainy man Mr. Wallace is. Mr. Wallace went to Siberia and came back a few years ago and told us about what a wonderful wild west it was. When we had our own wild west, we let all of our dissatisfied people go there so that they would have a lot of room in which to be dissatisfied. Now, we might need a new wild west for the gloomsters. Mr. Stalin has that wild west in Siberia. The air there is mighty good and Mr. Wallace said it was a wonderful and exciting place. So we can tell Mr. Stalin that we have a law now making everybody happy, and that we are going to arrest everybody who breaks the law and send them over to him for his wild west. In this way, we will prove to Mr. Stalin that we, also, believe in Multi-National Happiness. And that is the way to get along with Mr. Stalin.

An Irish Lady

MARGARET BARRINGTON

CASTLE TOWNSHEND hangs like a nest on a cliff; rising above the waters of Castle Haven, it appears to defy the law of gravity itself. Even in this year of Our Lord, it is still one of the most isolated outposts of civilization. From its situation you would expect primitive conditions, if not the squalor all too common, alas, in our haphazard Irish villages, where the Big House seems to reign over a rural slum. And it makes the surprise all the greater when you find that it is a jewel of a village, quite perfect, loved and cared.

Its beauty lies not only in its position, its dramatic outlook, but in its architecture. Old seventeenth and eighteenth century houses with walled gardens, a glimpse here and there of a green lawn, flowering shrubs, old

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apple trees, herbaceous borders. A place which for centuries has been treasured by those living there.

The simplest way to get to Castle Townshend from where I live in East Carbery, is by water. The beautiful fiord of Castle Haven is driven deep into the land by the southwest wind. So one blustery day in December, I heaved my bicycle on board the ferry, intending to return by land. Until very recent times goods were conveyed by water, for the roads were little better than tracks. Even now they are hard to cycle, as they run along the ridge of the hills, a necessary precaution in the old days, when the traveller had to keep a sharp look-out for footpads, White-boys, Rapparees. The life of the Irish landlord may have been a pleasant one, but it always held an element of risk.

Castle Townshend lies between the Townshends and the Somervilles. The Townshend home lies at the foot of the hill, on the water's edge, just beside the old castle built by the first Townshend to defend these waters. The Somerville home—Drishane House—is right at the top. These two families, cousins and neighbors, dominated this part of West Carbery for generations. Until, first the series of famines which swept Ireland during the reign of Queen Victoria, and then the Wyndham Land Act at the end of it, changed the whole economic structure of the country. That the Somervilles and Townshends have continued to live happily among their people is due to the love and respect which they themselves created during those heart-breaking years.

It is very quiet these days in Castle Townshend. No longer does the long hill echo to the sounds of the horse and foxhound, to the voices of young men and women. No longer do Somervilles and Townshends ride out across the stoney ridges of West Carbery to hunt Dan Russel, the fox.

During the nineteenth century, literature in Ireland fell into decay. Maria Edgeworth, though she long survived it, was in spirit and style pure eighteenth century. The Anglo-Irish entered on the first stage of their death throes. The Act of Union, which so many of them supported, was in reality their death sentence. London, not Dublin, became the center of life, literary and political. They became absorbed, if they were rich enough and careless enough to hand over their estates to rack-renting agents. They decayed and despaired if they remained to struggle with their people through the most evil times which have struck this country. Famine followed famine: cholera and typhus swept the country: emigration drained it: then political agitation tore it asunder. Only one writer of distinction emerged from those times, Emily Lawless, the sister of the notorious Buckshot Foster. Native Irish literature went out in those terrible years. Blind Raftery was the last of the Irish Bards.

So the two streams dried up—or rather went underground. With the resurgence of hope at the end of the century, they came to life again, in Minster of the Poets —Anglo-Irish literature in the works of the cousins "Somerville and Ross," the native Irish tradition in the work of Standish O'Grady and the Celtic Renaissance. But though they have long been regarded as separate streams, they are complementary and it is from both these sources that we have the broad stream of present Irish literature. If Standish O'Grady is the father of modern Irish literature, "Somerville and Ross" are its mother. For they are one, these two.

★

I found Dr. Somerville in her studio, a long, low room, full of light and warmed by a large turf and wood fire. Many of her pictures and drawings were hung and stacked around the walls, evidence of a busy life. For she not only published some twenty-six books in all, but no matter how busy with writing, with horses and hounds —for she herself was Master of the West Carbery Foxhounds—she never gave up painting, the first career on which she embarked. There were drawings and oils of West Carbery and its people, the originals of the illustrations for the "Irish R.M." and her many other picture-books: a beautiful head of a village girl, an old gateway in the village. One of her paintings, "A Widow Woman," a life-size painting in oils of an old woman, hangs in the Municipal Gallery, Dublin. She has had three one-man shows in London, two in the United States.

On the wall hung a portrait of Dame Ethel Smythe. We spoke with admiration of her work and Dr. Somerville regretted that the war now prevented her going to London to hear concerts. The radio is not satisfactory in a village without electricity. I looked at her as she spoke of her friend. A slender, white-haired woman dressed in brown Irish tweeds, her face almost unlined, her grey-blue eyes clear and intelligent, as alive as those of a girl. Her eyes had aged no more than her mind.

But it was not of her pictures I had come to talk but of herself and her books. She asked me which of her books I preferred. I said: "The Big House of Inver." She herself thought that the "Big House of Inver" and "Dan Russel, the Fox" were probably the best of their fiction works.

"But 'The Real Charlotte,' have you read it?"

"The Real Charlotte" had been their first success, the book which raised them from promising writers to professional writers, the book which first attracted the serious critics. It was probably further endeared to its authors by the fact that it had little success at home. The fireside critics had been harsh. First published in 1894, it is now difficult to obtain.

We sat down by the fire for the day was cold and stormy; Nancy, a much-loved, smooth-haired fox terrier, a breed now unfortunately scarce, at our feet. And before we settled into conversation, Dr. Somerville placed on my knee a gigantic album which contained photographs, cuttings, reviews, all of her cousin, Miss Martin of Ross, "Martin Ross," as we know her. She was not to be forgotten.

"As you are going to write about us, you must know about her."

Perhaps only in the case of the Goncourt brothers was there ever such a happy collaboration. Neither ever knew which words belonged to the other. Sometimes one held the pen, sometimes the other, but the words came from both. So true was this intellectual union that it

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even survived death. "The Big House of Inver," though carried through by Dr. Somerville, had been planned by both, and is published with both their names.

The photographs and snapshots showed Martin Ross a tall, slender woman with the long, narrow bones and thin, high-bridged nose of the western families. Her dark eyes were very large, her expression gentle and sensitive. Her hair, I was told, was chestnut-brown and her complexion delicate and fair. The cuttings showed her to have been a person of wide interests and activities: her articles showed a thoughtful and penetrating intelligence; her letters that humor and power of observation which bubbled up to such good purpose in the famous "Irish R.M." stories.

★

The name of Martin is endeared to us in Ireland by that romantic eighteenth century squire. "Humanity Dick" Martin, whose hatred of cruelty was so great that he fought duels in defense of ill-treated animals. The Martins were one of the famous Tribes of Galway, set by the Normans at the Gateway of the West, to keep the port free of the native Irish clans, the O'Flaherties of Iar Connacht, the O'Dalies of Clare-Galway, the O'Kellies of Hymany. The litany said in Galway Cathedral contained the prayer: "From the fury of the O'Flaherties, Good Lord deliver us." For three centuries the Tribes defended the port and grew rich on its trade. With the passing of the power of the native chiefs, they spread through the county. It was at Ross in Galway that Violet Florence Martin was born, the eleventh daughter of the house.

They were fortunate, these two young cousins, in their families and surroundings. In those days, before the movement for the emancipation of women, the education of the girls of a family was only too often a matter of secondary importance. The more so as those years were years of financial stress and political disturbance. But not only were they brought up among cultured people but they passed on from their governesses to Alexandra College, the first institution in Ireland to give a thorough, modern education to women.

I was delighted to discover that these two were the great-grandchildren of a great man, Charles Kendal Bushe, not only Chief Justice of Ireland, but the friend of Maria Edgeworth. The literary tradition was alive in their families. When Dr. Somerville decided to study art, she finally succeeded in getting to Paris where she worked, first in Colarossi's studio, later in Delecluse's. In "Irish Memories" she gives an amusing account of Whistler's class, which bears out Laver's description of it. The amazing thing is that a girl of her time and upbringing should have got there at all. But she grew up among those who had both love and respect for the arts.

But neither disdained the pleasures and occupations of their contemporaries. They extended them. Enthusiastic gardeners, active in the administration of their homes, they were also magnificent horsewomen. And it this background of genuine life which gives their books value.

It was not until they were grown-up young women, in their twenties, that the cousins met. We must take into account the geographical isolation of both Ross in Galway and West Carbery before the day of the motor-car. But from the moment of their meeting, their friendship flourished and bore fruit. They planned and executed their works together, visited one another, hunted together, traveled together and wrote of their travels. Beginning with Connemara, they went on to Wales, Denmark and France and then gave us their penetrating and humorous observations.

It would have been easy for them to sink into the quiet of Irish country life. Instead, they stirred abroad, interested themselves in everything that was going on, in the social and political world of their day. They were both among the first who devoted themselves to the cause of Woman's Suffrage and took a prominent part in the movement. Women of today cannot realize how much they owe to the intelligence and persistence of these pioneers.

And even today this social activity has not ceased. Dr. Somerville takes an active part in all that concerns Castle Townshend, from the Nursing Committee to the opening of a peat-bog to provide fuel for the locality, now that we can no longer buy coal. In all the years and with all its changes, Drishane House has never ceased to take a part in all that goes on around it.

I mentioned the honor which the Irish Academy of Letters paid to her and to the memory of her cousin in awarding her the Gregory Medal, the highest honor we can pay the man of letters, to find that the honor of which she is most proud is the degree of doctor of literature conferred on her by the University of Dublin (Trinity College). When she was growing up all universities were closed to women, and though Dublin University was the first to open its doors to women, that was at a later date. Nowadays we are apt to take university honors too lightly. I and my generation enjoyed the privilege for which she and her cousin struggled.

It was this tradition of culture and service which allied them across the gap of years with Maria Edgeworth and was their chief safeguard from falling into the error of the Anglo-Irish writers who preceded them, that of regarding those around them as puppets of fun, rather than as men and women. However humorous the situation, character, not circumstance, is the basis of humor. And so the human fun of Flurry Knox's adventures remains as fresh today as when they were first written, nearly half a century ago. They have brought happiness to the exile and knowledge of us to the stranger. Dr. Somerville remarked that the "R. M." had not dated. Circumstances date, but not character.

"The R. M.," as we affectionately style the book, ("Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.") that was the book which carried them around the world. Others of their books may be more artistically perfect, but none so well loved. You will find it no matter where you go. No other book has brought the relaxation of happy laughter to so many people.

★

I left the warmth and comfort of Drishane House and Castle Townshend and climbed the hill behind. There

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before me stretched West Carbery, away across rough heather-clad hills to where Mizen Head and Clear Island mark its western extremity. This was "Flurry Knox's Country." You half expect to see him coming towards you, leaping the stone-faced banks on his brown mare, dressed in his shabby pink coat and well-worn breeches. You half expect to be stopped at the corner by the ubiquitous "Slipper" with some rascally tale or proposition.

This is the first land sighted by the east-bound American traveler, the last European soil. The blue falcon still finds sanctuary on its wild headlands; beautiful flowers blossom in the warm, sheltered valleys; thick heather protects the wild life on its rocky hills. Except for the occasional attentions of a local fowler, the snipe and wild duck live in peace round the little lakes, covered in summer with water lilies. At night the foxes bark undisturbed, the otters whistle to one another in its streams. A gusty shower borne on the south-west wind, beat against my back as I turned north and east towards Rineen and home. A warm, boisterous wind, I rattled along the stoney road at a great rate.

"It's nothing when you're used to it," said Mr. Florence MacCarthy Knox.

Books of the Week

Richer By Asia. Edmond Taylor. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

A REVIEWER always faces the problem of the standards he should apply. In the avalanche of books coming from the presses very few will ever become classics, yet the publishers have no difficulty in culling from the reviews purple passages to decorate all their advertisements. It appears, then, that either the reviewers are inept or they are applying other standards. Indeed many reviewers might insist that, though a work has no lasting value or distinction of style, it is worth publishing, just as good after dinner conversation provides a stimulating exchange of ideas, though it may not be Socratic dialogue. To permit only those to speak who can eloquently present great ideas would be to eliminate the forum in whose cruder interchange the genius may ultimately develop.

Such considerations are very relevant in the present case. Edmond Taylor's "Richer By Asia" is certainly a well-intentioned book. Reflecting on two and a half years' stay in India the author endeavors to expose the roots of disunity in ourselves and conversely to insist on the urgency of our participation in all mankind. He makes the conscious attempt to abstract from Western cultural prejudices and modes of thought, to apply in his own phrase "the art of awareness" and understand India from the Indian point of view. His attempt has been well received. The book has been considered evidence of a tolerant and understanding mind. A well-known anthropologist describes it as "a heartening and important book."

On the standard of high purpose the book deserves this praise, but is that standard enough? Organization of matter, lucidity, style, and if a reporter leaves reporting to expound philosophy and interpret history, scholarship are also important. Here is a work which touches on history, philosophy, comparative religion, psychology and psychiatry. The question must be asked whether Mr. Taylor is equipped to float from reflection to reflection in these many specialized fields, without authoritative reference or support for his generalizations.

His approach is the psychological one of self-analysis. He does not uphold that principle of finding a stray horse, which counsels a man to think where he would go, if he were a horse, and go there. But whether or not there is enough of the horse in every man to render this technique generally valuable in animal husbandry, he finds no difficulty in assuming that there is enough of the human in every man to make it a legitimate intellectual device when applied to the cultural complexities of the millions of the sub-continent of India. But Mr. Taylor looks so carefully and for so long at that part of his own mind labeled India, he tells us very little about India proper. The result is in Theodore H. White's words, "a winding peregrination of mind, whose main burden might have been told in one-tenth the space."

The author seems to pride himself on an open mind uncorrupted by reading or understanding the major works on the subject which he is about to treat. Thus he embarks on "a quiet visit with the gods" of some eighty pages with the disarming statement: "I read some books about Hinduism and Buddhism but they did not seem to tell me anything about religion that made sense to me. This was not surprising since I had read a number of books about Christianity and they had not made any sense to me, either. Like Stuart Chase, I had never been able to find any meaning in either theology or the higher philosophy, to me as to him they had always been a series of blabs."

I would timidly suggest that this is hardly an encouraging beginning for one who is about to define for the whole tribe of man the relative significance of Hinduism, Buddhism and Christianity in world culture. A few pages later we read that the cardinal fact of brotherhood receives little attention in modern Christianity. Mr. Taylor has perhaps not read the Holy Father's Encyclical upon "The Mystical Body of Christ" or his earlier Encyclical sometimes aptly titled "The Unity of Man." He continues that the emphasis is upon the believer's relationship with God, and then adds in contradictory fashion "the duty of loving the neighbor . . ., as a prerequisite to successful relationship with Deity." I do not know what Mr. Taylor has in mind when he speaks of modern Christianity but the teaching of the Church is quite clear, that thou shalt love first the Lord thy God and then thy neighbor for God's sake and the two aspects are inseparable.

Mr. Taylor is a reporter and a good reporter, he is filled with an admirable enthusiasm for one world; he is eager to promote the spiritual foundations of that world. Assigned to India, he makes a determined effort to understand, to examine and discipline his reactions on a broader human foundation; and to find a philosophy of integration and wholeness, indispensable to that one world. But even at page 419 the author admits he has not as yet been able to give the reader a coherent and comprehensive summary of what his thought is. In leaning over backwards to understand and free himself from delusion, he often seems to approach a conception of integration which receives indiscriminately all ideas, Buddhist, Hindu, Islamic, or Western. Certainly our world is in desperate need of

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unity, but that unity must stem from a wider acceptance of a certain minimum, the eternal and natural law, and it is not brought closer by veiling fundamental differences in a psychological experience called "wholeness of mind."

EDWARD LITTLEJOHN.

Lonely Crusade. Chester Himes. Knopf. $3.00.

CHESTER HIMES, the author of "If He Hollers Let Him Go" has taken for this book, "Lonely Crusade," a highly probable theme about Lee Gordon, a young Negro, perhaps in his early thirties, who had just been hired as a union organizer. The scene is in Los Angeles, Calif., during 1943, when the migration of Southern whites and Negroes had the social workers and the police busy with many theories.

The name of the company, the product, the fact that it was top priority add nothing to the story. The union was industrial, though not called CIO, but it had to be since no other union was working that area except the Jim-Crow, left-wing Machinists, at that time, AFL.

It was the organizer's job or a porter's job for Lee Gordon. And he was deep under his skin, an A.B., with fierce pride and brutal, uncontrolled animal passion, all that a social worker would want, except that Mr. Gordon goes through this book with almost no moral standards. He was on the make most of the time, and cheap. The author caused this book to be vulgar, assuming that this is the way to describe Mr. Gordon.

Assuming that there are enough books about the race problem to have them pass by without calling them "definitive," it is not risking too much to note that Mr. Himes has called one of his Los Angeles avenues "St. Nicholas," since his story is really a Harlem story. Later on, the author has his chief character play around with persons remarkably suggestive of Los Angeles. If he can get by with this without a libel suit, he is not being read as widely as he would have it.

The communists might not care for this book, for Mr. Himes has set them off in gin-mills where the usual intrigue that goes on among small-fry revolutionists crops up repeatedly in the life of Mr. Gordon. What constitutes the "lonely crusade" in Mr. Gordon's fiddling around with the communists is not apparent, for his morality is as difficult to define as theirs.

There is a simple plot. Mr. Gordon sets out to organize Negro workers. He is warned against the communists, but he falls for a girl, the usual "Commy bait," at the first party he attends. In the end, this is the girl who hands him over to the police when he confides in her, for a murder that he has just attended in company with the perpetrator, a low-type communist. The only thing significant about this girl is that she is white.

Mr. Gordon has what Negro society is wont to call "a lovely wife," with all the connotations of a dumb Nelly. It is evident that Mr. Himes who talks through his Mr. Gordon, does not care for the honest, intelligent, moral Mrs. Gordon whom Mr. Gordon "protects" from the communists, and any other man. Poor Mrs. Gordon. She wants her husband to do something, but it is clear that she is not offering him much strength.

If the reader wants to infer that Mrs. Gordon represents the shielded Negro woman, the college girl who is kept away from the realities of society, he runs the risk of falling a victim to the propaganda of the Communist Party which works to break down the respect that this

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type of woman holds in the Negro community. This is the key, by the way, to the talk about matriarchy that crops up in this book.

There is some talk about Jewish-Negro relations, too. The point that Mr. Himes drives home quite well is that the majority of Negroes who talk about the problem tend to give vent to expressions that by sound and fury, are anti-Semitic. A closer reading of this book might suggest that Negroes are fed up on the prattle about the unity of all minority groups.

If you want to know about the moral and the end of this story we can tell you right off that there is no moral in evidence. Our chief character, the brutal, confused, college-trained but uneducated Mr. Gordon has barely got out of serious trouble, and can get back into that trouble almost any day. The communists had out-double-crossed him. The white girl he tried to be "modern" about and love, forgetful of his sacrificing wife, has handed him over to the police, in an effort to shield the criminally insane Negro communist who had committed murder for money. Mr. Gordon had told the girl that he was there, too, an accomplice in the get-away, anyway.

Well, the union defends him at the crucial moment, and comes riding in like the Blue-Jackets just as Mr. Gordon's neck is being tried for size. But there is a union demonstration, and out of the crowd oozes Mr. Gordon. At the moment of moments, he breaks through the police cordon, defies crys of "Stop or I will shoot," and grabs the fallen flag. It is a camera finish. The reader is left to decide whether it is the lady, the tiger, the cops or Mr. Gordon. The author concluded with Mr. Gordon, who began "marching down the street."

GEORGE STREATOR.

Mountain Village. Chun-Chan Yeh. Putnam. $2.75.

A COLLECTOR of Japanese prints once told me of his amazed delight the first time a Japanese friend recognized his old village schoolhouse in one of the landscapes. The American had never mentally pictured the lurking realism of those highly stylized scenes. In "Mountain Village," except for their tiled temple and formal courtesy, the people might have come from this side of the Pacific and the surprise in finding them so understandable made me realize that we are far too apt to unconsciously think of China in the terms of the willow pattern without remembering the strong cry of humanity in the patient bent backs of her country people.

This first "novel" of Mr. Yeh transports one back to the 1920's, to a village on the upper Yangtse, the longest river in the world, according to Uncle Pan, because it takes its source from the Milky Way. Mr. Yeh writes in English in the fluid narrative form of the eighteenth century; he has already translated Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Aeschylus into Chinese and is now living in England where he came as a Major in the Chinese Army at the invitation of the Minister of Information in 1944. Mr. Yeh spent his first seventeen years in the village in the Middle Kingdom and it is difficult not to identify him with the boy in the family to whom one grows so attached in the story.

On the Small New Year, the Household Gods paid their annual visit to the Supreme God in Heaven and one

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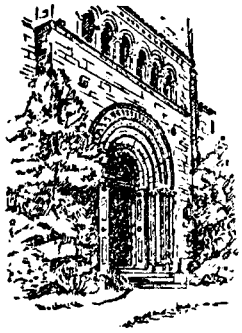

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year Uncle Pan was sent to the County City with money to buy a present for the God of the Kitchen so that he might make a good report of his family. Alas, in the County City, a stranger persuaded Uncle Pan to have some millet wine and then robbed him. Without a present for the Household Gods, there was bound to be misfortune in the coming year but the Boy's Mother devised a stratagem to save her family and, calling for their last barley sugar, she boiled it and laid it in a handsome dish before the House Shrine. Very correctly and with three kowtows she wished the Kitchen God a safe journey to Heaven and a pleasant vacation and then turned to the family and whispered, "I only hope he won't discover our trick. The sugar is so sticky that he won't be able to open his mouth to make a report. We really shouldn't have done such a thing to an old man."

The past year had been one of bad crops but the next brought civil war between Old Wang, the War Lord and the communists. First one side and then the other took over the village and, although the communists rid the villagers of their cruel landlord, most of the elders were the victims of the contending factions, even lovely Aunt Chrysthanemum whose husband deserted her for the Party. Sadly the mother and the boy and the dog decide to join the father in the Great City and set out on the long, long road of exile so many were to travel.

We believe that Chun-Chan Yeh is a name worth remembering. E. V. R. WYATT.

Treason's Peace. Howard Watson Ambruster. Beechhurst Press. $3.75.

THIS IS THE type of book that sees one source of evil, but so overemphasizes it that its pathos falls flat. To Mr. Ambruster the economic expansion of the German I. G. Farben was the hidden source of World War II. He has warned against it since the beginning of the twenties, but the public would not listen. Now is the time to tell it all and win admiration for his foresight and untiring efforts. Inspired by these emotions the author is, of course, unable to write an unbiased book of historical research. This pamphlet of 440 pages is nothing but a violent accusation not only of the German chemical trust, but of Standard Oil of N. J., of duPont, of the Ford Motor Company, of the Dow Chemical Company, of the Aluminum Company of America, and any other American firm which ever collaborated with the German trust one way or another. Furthermore, the author accuses the Anti-Trust Division of our Department of Justice, the Alien Property Custodian, the Treasury Department and both Houses of Congress. MAX FISCHER

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J. L. BENVENISTI is arriving in this country within a few days to begin an extended lecture tour which will include every section of the country.

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